

# The Mirror

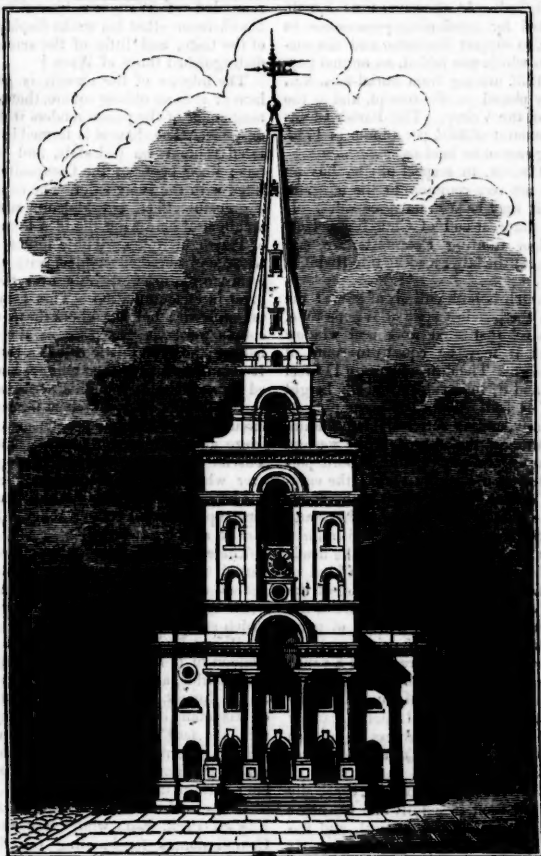
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 766.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.

A LITTLE to the eastward of Bishopsgate-street lies Spitalfields, originally a hamlet of the parish of St. Dunstan, Stepney. In the reign of Queen Anne, when the Legislature had determined to erect fifty new churches in the metropolis, this populous district was found to require one of the number. The separation accordingly took place; and the first stone of the intended church was deposited by Edward Peck, Esq., one of the

Commissioners, in 1715, as we are informed by the inscription upon that gentleman's monument within the church; though the Parish Clerks' Remarks state 1723; which has been followed by others. The site was purchased for 1,260*l.*, and the chosen architect was Nicholas Hawksmoor, Esq., who was a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Hawksmoor's estimate was 13,570*l.*; but he expended 14,418*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* The Church was

not completed till 1729, when, on July 5, in the third year of the reign of George II., it was consecrated by Edmund, Lord Bishop of London. It should be added that, at the erection of the parish, the advowson was given by Act of Parliament to Brazenose College, Oxford. At the same time, 3,000*l.* was granted for purchasing possessions in fee-simple, to support the rector and his successors; to which was added, an annual payment of 125*l.* arising from burial-fees, &c., exclusively placed in the receipt, and at the disposal of, the Vestry. The Parish Clerks gave the amount of 300*l.* per annum in 1733. The living cannot be held in commendam.

Christ Church, in respect of site, has an advantage not very common to the religious edifices; it may be seen on three sides. It stands at the west end of Church-street, its western door fronting Paternoster-row and Union-street; the latter leading into Bishopsgate-street.

This Church is built entirely of stone: the body is in the heaviest style of Wren's time, with massive, rusticated work and window cases; and it may be equal to some of Wren's designs. The dimensions are 111 feet in length, and 87 in breadth; and the height of the roof 41 feet. The eastern end projects semicircularly, and is enriched; but the imposing feature of the church is the western front. The entrance is through a Doric portico, elevated on a flight of steps: the entablature is broken by a central arch, above and beside which rise other arches, and niches of the tower; which, on its diminishing for the steeple, is supported by the heads of the under corners, which form a kind of buttress; from this part rises the base of the spire with an arcade; its corners are, in the same manner, supported by a kind of pyramidal buttress, ending in a point, and the spire is terminated with a vase and a vase; its extreme height being 225 feet, or 23 feet higher than the London Monument. The steeple contained a peal of 12 bells, scarcely inferior in power and sweetness to any in the kingdom; with a clock, and excellent six-hour chimes.

The general effect of the exterior, especially of the western front, is solidity and vastness; the proportions are almost colossal, and the steeple is ponderous beyond example. It certainly does not boast of architectural beauty, and its defects have been mercilessly dealt with by critical writers. Malcolm excuses himself from describing Christ Church, by saying: "the architect only could name the several parts of the steeple; they are not to be appropriated to orders. Mr. Hawksmoor has proceeded according to a set exclusively his own; but that circumstance would have been justifiable and commendable if any improvements could be discovered. Unhappily, none are to be found: perhaps,

some little imitations may. The church externally might be imagined like the Norman or Saxon style, or one gradation towards the Tuscan order."\* These are hard words: but, as we view the tiers of arches and empty niches that rise in the western front, we are reminded of Walpole's biting remark on Hawksmoor—that his works display nothing of the taste, and little of the science which distinguished those of Wren.†

The interior of the church is grand, but heavy: it is an oblong square, though the arrangement of the pillars renders it difficult to describe. The chancel is formed by four isolated columns on pedestals, and two pilasters; these being of the Composite incorporated with the Ionic order. The capitals have a graceful effect, but Malcolm suspects the architect of borrowing the idea from the Arch of Trajan, at Rome. The columns support a frieze and enriched cornice, with the Royal Arms, in stucco, directly over the central great intercolumniation. This colonnade is magnificent; but the chancel, to use Malcolm's words, is "as plain as the wall of a belfrey; absolute rustic coins on the angles." It commences as if the architect had intended a semicircle; but this terminates in a square for the altar, which is formed by two circular pillars and two pilasters, with a Doric frieze and cornice, on which commences a Tuscan window, very correctly proportioned, over which is a semicircular aperture, or window. A neat, enriched, but narrow cornice supports a flat ceiling, relieved by cherubim on a glory.

There are two monuments suited to the partial semicircles, which contribute to the general effect of the building. That on the north side consists of a plain pedestal, on which stands, in the full dress of his office, Sir Robert Ladbroke, who was lord mayor of London in 1747. The figure is relieved by dark marble, and the monument terminates in a pediment. It is one of the early works of Flaxman (in 1794); the drapery is correct, the face and hands are well executed, and the ornaments are in good taste; but it wants the grace and life of the sculptor's later performances.

The second or south monument is that of Edward Peck, Esq., who "was one of the Commissioners for building the fifty new churches; and in this corner laid the first stone of this stately fabric, anno 1715." He died in 1736, and this monument was executed by Thomas Dunn, in 1737. It consists of a pedestal of variegated marble, with a white tablet for the inscription: on the pedestal is a Corinthian pediment, supported by two pillars, with an attic and urns: be-

\* Londinium Redivivum, vol. iii., p. 387.

† Among Hawksmoor's productions are the churches of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street; St. George's in the East; St. Anne's, Limehouse; and St. George's, Bloomsbury.

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neath is a small sarcophagus, with two boys leaning against it; and on it stands Mr. Peck's bust, under a canopy.

The west end of the Church has a screen, like the east; but it is divided to admit the organ, elevated upon two majestic Corinthian pillars. This organ is a magnificent instrument, containing 2,126 pipes, and is the masterpiece of the celebrated Bridge.

The nave has four pillars in length supporting a cornice and frieze, which rest on pilasters on the walls. The vaultings between them are chastely and elegantly ornamented, and have enriched keystones. The five arched ceilings on each side aisle are superlatively rich; but that of the nave seems to be the work of another hand. It is flat, and divided into 34 clumsy squares, the ribs of which rest on an attic of the Tuscan order, elevated on the most enriched Corinthian.

The windows are diminutive and ungraceful; and there are heavy side galleries. The reading-desk is a richly-carved Composite pedestal; and the pulpit is carved and inlaid.

Among the bequests to the church is one of 600*l.* towards procuring the bells, by Henry Wheatly, Esq., of Staines: they were, at first, ten in number, and two have since been added. The chimes were given by Mr. Thomas Hardy, in 1741.

The Church was repaired and beautified throughout, about fourteen years since, at an expense of 8,000*l.*

To the above description should be added a brief notice of the conflagration, which had nearly proved the destruction of this costly edifice. On the afternoon of Wednesday, February 17, last, smoke was seen to issue from the windows of the belfry, over the clock: it was soon ascertained that the wood-work in the clock-room was on fire; and that the flames had reached the loft above, over which the bells were hung. Fire-engines, and abundance of water, were soon procured; but, from the height of the belfry, the hose did not reach the fire, nor could the flames be checked in ascending to the spire. All exertions were, therefore, directed to save the body of the church, which was mainly done by cutting away the roof. Meanwhile, as the supporting wood-work in the loft was burnt, the bells fell with an astounding crash, especially the tenor, which weighed no less than 44 cwt., or 4,928 lbs. This bell, it was feared, would, from its great weight, have caused much damage in falling; but this was prevented by a strong arch beneath the belfry, and the bell falling on the others, split asunder. At seven o'clock, the wood-work in the spire being consumed, all danger was over. The cause of the fire has not, we believe, yet been satisfactorily explained.

The damage done to the church is very considerable, and the expense of its repair would be almost insupportable by the pa-

rishioners, especially as they have but just recovered from the payment of 8,000*l.* already mentioned. In this position, they have appealed to the public, and we hope their application will be responded to liberally. They have expended considerable sums on the church; it having been erected by Government in so costly a style as to require a considerable amount for ordinary repairs.

From the parochial surveyor's report, the damage by the late fire is as follows: the roof of the church is partially burnt; the organ is so damaged, as, in part, to require re-construction; the massive steeple is entirely gutted; and the stone-work of its interior is materially injured: the clock and chimes are destroyed; and the bells have been either shivered to pieces in falling, or fused by the heat of the conflagration.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(To the Editor.)

It will, no doubt, gratify your numerous readers to hear that there is every probability of their deriving some substantial benefits from the labours of the Committee appointed by Parliament last session, to inquire into the affairs of the British Museum. Among the subjects which came under their notice were,—certain alterations in the constitution of the place, connected with the establishment of a scientific board for its management; the subdivision of the present departments, particularly of Natural History; the printing of a Classified Catalogue of the printed books, so long wanted; reducing the price of the Guide to the Museum to 1*d.*, (now sold for 2*s.*), and the entire revision and improvement of it; the establishment of a *formatore*, or moulder, who should make moulds of the various antiques, and then casts, which might be sold to the public for about a third less than is now usually charged for these articles; and many other useful alterations and improvements.

It was also proposed to open the Museum during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks, and to build a distinct and detached room for *evening readers*:—one of the greatest accommodations that could be devised for a very large class of persons who are occupied during the day in trades or professions. A new Committee has just been appointed to continue the inquiry, and we sincerely trust that they will not lose sight of these important suggestions in their report to the House. As it is not, perhaps, known to many of your readers, it may be proper to state that the Evidence taken before the last Committee is now published, and may be purchased for a few shillings. It contains the examinations of many of the officers of the Museum, and abounds in curious and interesting details of a literary and scientific nature. The Appen-

dix furnishes the best account extant of foreign museums and libraries, obtained by our ambassadors and consuls abroad; and while it is well calculated to show the present inefficient state of our own National Establishment, at once points out the remedies for whatever defects may be found in it.

R. S.

\* \* Our Correspondent has called our attention to the following extraordinary passage, in *Dr. Davy's Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, (vol. ii. pp. 342-344, note,) showing the paramount necessity of an entire reform in everything relating to the British Museum:

A short period before the death of Sir Humphry Davy, "he expressed his views respecting the British Museum, pointing out some of its deficiencies and suggesting a plan for its improvement. He had thought much on the subject, having been well acquainted with the establishment in his capacity of trustee, as President of the Royal Society; on which account I think it right to give his sentiments, as they were written down from his dictation, with the hope that some of his hints may be followed, to the benefit of the Museum. The subject is introduced incidentally, in noticing the collections of the objects of natural history in America, in connexion with science in America and her men of science, in digression from the character of the late Dr. Woodhouse, who brought a letter of introduction to my brother, in 1804, from the venerable Priestley. 'I believe no country can be placed lower than our own in respect to collections in ancient art or modern science. A few liberal-minded, patriotic men have done much by their private collections; and some particular institutions or colleges, by their private means, have afforded resources to scientific men; but our national establishment, the British Museum, is unworthy of a great people, and is even inferior to many of those belonging to second-rate states on the Continent: yet there have been considerable sums of money devoted to the objects of this collection, and it contains some choice marbles, and some interesting specimens in natural history; and far more might have been done with the sums voted for this purpose by parliament, had they been judiciously applied. When the British Museum was first established, in consequence of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, of his splendid collections to the country, the trustees were either great officers of state, owing their situation to their office, or some persons of science, art, and letters, associated with them, elected by the principal trustees. At first, the leading trustees of the elected class were either distinguished members of the Royal Society, or highly accomplished noblemen and gentlemen, possessed of refined knowledge in art, or profound knowledge in science. The last

scientific trustee elected was Mr. Henry Cavendish. Lately the elections have been almost entirely made from branches of the aristocracy, or gentlemen of some parliamentary influence. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are considered as the really active members of the trust; and overpowered, as those great officers must be, with the religious, legal, and legislative affairs of the country, it cannot be supposed that they can have much leisure or much opportunity to attend to the government or arrangement of the national collections. All the officers of the Museum, who ought to be either efficient librarians or curators of the house, used to be elected in turns by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons; for the late chancellor, Lord Eldon, always refused to act as trustee, considering, probably, with great propriety, that he had other duties more essential to his office to perform. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that amongst the curators, assistant-librarians, and sub-librarians, there should be found many persons taken from the inferior departments of the church and of the public offices; places abounding with respectable, well-educated men, but not the natural seminaries of either naturalists, or of persons of profound and refined taste in antiquities, collections of the works of art, and monuments of the genius of the great people of antiquity. If men of the highest distinction as to scientific character had always occupied the most exalted offices in the Museum, either as curators of the collections, or as zoologists, ornithologists, entomologists, mineralogists, botanists, and superintendents of the ancient collections of sculpture and painting: and if the salaries of such officers had been made respectable, and their rank a gratifying or enviable one, there would have been always a sufficient number of aspirants after such situations, and we should not have required the assistance of foreigners in that establishment which ought to be the natural school of our academies in science and art. But, unfortunately, in England science is not the taste either of the court or of the government; and what might be the most magnificent collection of the beauties and wonders of nature and art, formed from every quarter of the globe, and containing the most splendid monuments of the glory of the most powerful of the ancient nations of the earth, does, in fact, represent little more than a series of quaint collections in vertu, where illustrations of the history of medals, and the most exquisite specimens of the bronzes of Magna Græcia, are found in the same room with the sledges and dresses of the Esquimaux, the canoes, arms, and dresses of the people of Australasia, and the

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wildest ornaments invented either by the capricious or diseased fashions of folly in almost every climate and age. Even the first and most perfect part of the marbles brought from Athens to enrich the hotel of Montague House, are out of place. There must be a general system of change in every thing belonging to this institution, before there can be any system of radical improvement. Each department must be preserved separate and distinct from the other. The sculpture must be judged by men who have shown their knowledge of taste with regard to this branch of the fine arts. The collection and arrangement of paintings must be trusted either to artists themselves, or to refined judges of the art. The geologist should have his department entirely to himself; and the mineralogist would not find even the present treasures of the British Museum too extensive for much active labour, philosophical research, and even useful discovery in the variety of their arrangements and bearings; and a good geologist, by connecting the history of the specimens of inorganic nature with those of living animals, might open to the world a number of curious and very extraordinary truths. Then the libraries should be kept perfectly distinct from the other parts of the Museum; and there should be at least four enlightened and literary men of ability, to take charge of these treasures, now made so magnificent by the royal gift, and to lay them open to the public. It appears to me that the present is the best moment for attempting a radical and fundamental change in every thing belonging to this ancient, misapplied, and, I may almost say, useless institution. In every part of the metropolis, people are crying out for knowledge; they are searching for her even in corners and by-ways; and such is their desire for her, that they are disposed to seize her by illegitimate means, if they cannot obtain her by fair and just ones. This, then, is the moment to give energy to their efforts, and for the legislature to sanction what reason has so long required."

#### COWPER AT OLNEY.

THE generally received truth, that "mind is superior to matter," is, perhaps, never more strikingly felt, than when places altogether unfruitful of interest in themselves, become dignified and adorned with the abiding charm bestowed by genius over all which it adopts for a subject or a residence. The spots on this weary earth which have been graced by even the temporary sojourn of one of these master-minds, have become from that time as enchanted scenes: all that is common, ungraceful, or opposed to our preconceived ideas of such a scene, is softened down and lost in the fair illusions which imagination lends to the spots where her children have

been. How many a shrine is visited by the enthusiastic pilgrim, in itself divested of charm from art or nature, but sanctified by memories and associations of departed worth. It is the trail of light which such spirits leave on the still heaven of our remembrance when they have passed away. Their path through the howling wilderness is marked by the flowers which they have scattered along the way, gathered by sorrowing memory to be her treasured wreath. Darkness closes not on their footsteps; a radiance lingers there, as if some wandering rays from the world of mind, into which they have entered, were suffered still to gild the rugged path which led them to it.

Olney,—how is its native insignificance amongst the towns and villages of the land, lost, from its association with the name of Cowper, the classic, the eccentric, the sensitive, and moralizing Cowper! whose lucubrations in this quiet nook, were destined so long to inform and delight. How did his shrinking nature felicitate itself, that through "the loop-holes of retreat, he could hear the stir of the great Babel, and feel not the crowd." In the monotonous quiet of Olney, did this gifted mind for twenty years endure the contracted uniformity of a life of seclusion; being, by his own confession, without a neighbour with whom he could exchange an idea. The translator of Homer would, we may suppose, pass among the good people of Olney fifty years ago, for a most unsocial being, little liked, and less understood. His perfect incapability for bestowing interest on all subjects of a trite and unimportant character, is laughably set forth in his poem on "Conversation," where he depicts his mental tortures in listening to an inexorable prosier—  
 "I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,  
 And when I think his blunders are all out,  
 Reply discreetly, 'to be sure—no doubt.'"

His forbearance appears to have been tried to the utmost by some deceased lover of proximity, who

"echoed conversational dull and dry,  
 Embellished with—said he, and so said I."

—At such moments, he might well sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless continuity of shade! But, what must have been the beauty of that mind, which could gild the commonplaces of a life at Olney, with the enduring charm which all find in Cowper's letters; the small events of every day life, the petty occurrences in a scene unvisited by great events, have to the superficial eye nothing in them to engage the interest and sympathy of the future. But we take up Cowper's letters, and we think so no longer. How is the diminutive garden, with its Lilliputian conservatory, graced by his charming descriptions of the changing hues of nature in this his little kingdom; the

Vol.  
 IV.  
 p. 9.



grass-pinks, the jessamines and myrtles, with which he adorned it, making it in summer a place of literary retreat, when he required to be alone even from his faithful friend, Mary Unwin, whose "shining store" of needles were at such times employed in his service. His musing rambles in the Throckmorton grounds at Weston, in the wilderness, under the elms, and in the poplar field, with the progress of his friendship with the agreeable family at the Hall,—how charmingly are they described! What a zest must have been given to his existence by this new connexion with persons of enlarged views and enlightened minds, every way disposed to appreciate the humble efforts of Cowper's muse, shy and retired though she was, and struggling through the disadvantages of narrow fortune and a contracted sphere. Thin partitions did indeed divide the fine rays of intelligence which illumined his mind, from the clouds of that saddest of all human maladies, which had already shaded the morning of his days, and, alas! was destined again to obscure the evening of life. Perhaps, no one better depicts the comfort of a winter's eve: the snug retirement, the quiet, the calm of this season, harmonized so perfectly with his reflective and literary habits—with his total disgust for the amusements of general society. Did ever language better convey the idea of the English word, comfort:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in!"

From his close retreat at Olney, the follies and vices of the world without stood before his keenly observant mind in strong relief; and he attacked, with unsparing hand, the sins and levities of the age, from the vanities of the card-table and the ball-room, to the divine in the pulpit. Singularly favoured in his censorship, that however severe, and occasionally betraying much cynical asperity, he does not appear to have excited the hostility usually raised by this sort of general fault-finding. The public were content to bear the censure of one placed on an eminence of exemption from its usages, and who sang in the tones of one already weaned from earth, and waiting on the "solemn shore," his summons to enter upon an eternal state of happiness. How exquisitely are his views of futurity expressed:—

"Hope with uplifted foot, set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her celestial birth;  
On steady wing, sails through the immense abyss,  
Plucks amarantine joys from bowers of bliss,  
And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here  
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear."

Peace to his pure and tranquil memory!  
truly might he have said while dwelling

amongst uncongenial associates at Olney, I am "among them, but not of them." The place has, however, by association with the name of Cowper, acquired an abiding interest, which remains and will remain, while the bright spirit which pined so long in its dull precincts, has become a dweller in worlds where no bounds are placed to its immortal and unfading existence! ANNE R.

Kirton-Lindsey.

## The Naturalist.

### MIRAGE IN PERSIA.

THE wonderful effects of the mirage, and the phenomena it produces, have frequently been the theme of admiration with travellers; but it is almost impossible to conceive the extent to which these prevail upon the wide and level plains of these countries, when the air, in a state of rapid undulation, causes every object near the surface to tremble into forms as uncertain and evanescent as the eddies that produce them. A distant mountain, in the space of a minute, will assume, first, perhaps, the form of a lofty peak; this, after rising to what appears a prodigious elevation, will thicken at the top, and spread into that of a large mushroom, with a slender stalk; the top will then split into several spires, and then all will join into a solid table shape. This is extremely puzzling to a surveyor, who depends upon the peaks of mountains as objects from which to form his triangles; for he may be thrown many degrees out of the true line, by trusting to an observation under such circumstances. In other instances, a mud-bank, furrowed by the rain, will exhibit the appearance of a magnificent city, with columns, domes, minarets, and pyramids, all of which flit as you approach; till, to your utter confusion, they dwindle into a heap of earth, perhaps not ten feet high. Numberless have been the mistakes made of asses with boys on them, for elephants and giants, or well-mounted troops of cavalry; sheep and goats for camels and dromedaries; and the smallest bushes for fine forest trees. There is sometimes great beauty, and much that is amusing, in the variety of phenomena produced, but they not unfrequently involve the weary traveller in great disappointment.—*Fraser's Travels.* 35. 54

### INSECT UPHOLSTERY.

SOME loiterers in the farm-yard of W. were attracted, on a fine summer's afternoon, by seeing an insect of a brilliant scarlet, in turn with a dazzlingly white one, both being of unusual magnitude, flying repeatedly across a wall to the sloping thatch of a stable which faced the south. By the aid of a ladder, and with some little difficulty, a scarlet insect, which glanced vividly in the sun, was

knocked down and secured, and proved, on closer examination, to be neither more nor less than one of the ingenious Upholsterer Bees, bearing on its wings a section of a red geranium. The nest having been sought and pulled out, was found to consist of layers of red and white geranium leaves, neatly cut from the plants at a distance from the yard, and tastefully fitted into a funnel-shaped perforation in the thatch; each division being cautiously overlaid by the edge of its successor, so as to form a soft and very efficient lining to the nest. *266* J. B.

## A LIVE TOAD IN STONE.

A TOAD, imbedded in an apparently solid mass of stone, was discovered last September, in a field at W., to the utter horror of the operator when the shivered block disclosed its unsightly inmate. The creature thus instantaneously restored to light and life, hopped vigorously away, before the momentary surprise had been surmounted; and being hotly pursued by a dog which was standing near, it escaped beyond recovery into the long grass and weeds of the neighbouring hedge. The colour of the toad was an ashy brown—pale and sickly. The interior of the stone was moist, and the upper portion had been hollow, but was too much broken to allow of a minute examination. The stone was such as is found among the common schist.\*—J. B.

## LARGE MOTH.

A MOTH has lately been caught at Arracan, which measures 10 inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, both being variegated with the brightest colours. It is supposed to be the largest moth upon record, exceeding in dimensions even the largest in the British Museum, which measures about 9 inches between the wing-tips.

## BEES.

ABOUT three years since, a very curious circumstance respecting Bees came under my observation. Calling one morning on a friend at Hendon, she showed me, just within the sill of the window of an upper chamber, several cells formed by bees, of a kind of grey clay; they resembled those of their usual combs, excepting that they were somewhat larger. The window had been injured by the weather, so that although it seemed, within the chamber, to be quite closed, yet, on the outside, there was an aperture sufficient for these cells between the window-frame and the sill. *266* C. W.

\* In June last, a live toad was found imbedded in a solid mass of new, red sandstone, at the Park Gardens, Coventry, on the line of the London and Birmingham Railway.

## Contemporary Crabeller.

## THE UPPER SCHUYLKILL BRIDGE, AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA is situated on a narrow strip of land between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill. The Delaware is particularly adapted for navigation; it is navigable about thirty miles above Philadelphia. The Schuylkill is chiefly used for the transport of large quantities of coal, forming one of the principal branches of commerce in the State. The city is least inhabited on the Schuylkill side; but, from the gradual increase of population, it may be inferred that this part also will be built upon in a few years.

The communication across these rivers is by wooden bridges, most of which are covered, and are, by no means, unpicturesque objects. The most extraordinary of these bridges is that shown in the Engraving, and is particularly light and graceful in its appearance. At a little distance, Mrs. Butler, (Fanny Kemble,) in one of her moonlight walks, thought it like a scarf, rounded by the wind, and flung over the river.

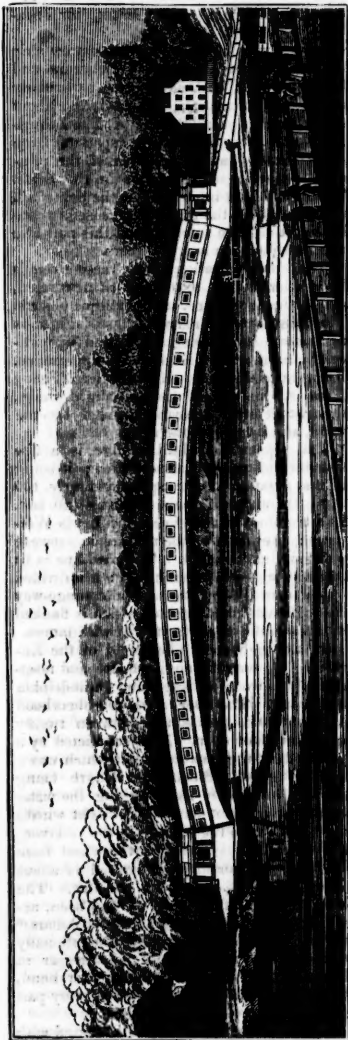
The Upper Schuylkill Bridge is a fine specimen of mechanical perfection; it being of the greatest known span by nearly 100 feet; the chord of the arch being 340 feet. The framing was designed by Lewis Wernioag: the joints of the ribs are in separate positions, and covered. The road line is lit by thirty windows on each side: it is divided into a carriage-way to, and a carriage-way from, Philadelphia, each of which is flanked by a footpath: at night it is lit with lamps.

In the right-hand foreground of the Engraving are seen the engine-house and reservoir of the works for supplying Philadelphia with water. The river in the neighbourhood is about 900 feet wide, and between twenty and thirty feet deep. It is contracted by a mound dam, the construction of which was a work of great difficulty, its length being upwards of seventy feet, backing the water up the river about six miles. Eight wheels are used to raise the water into the reservoir, into which forty gallons on the wheel raise one, and the quantity thus raised is about eleven millions of gallons per day. The whole expense of these works has been, according to Mr. Arfwedson, 1,783,000 dollars: the annual expense, which is proportionally trifling, is borne by every housekeeper in Philadelphia, who has, on the other hand, the great convenience of water in every part of the house, even in the garret.

The banks of the Schuylkill abound with romantic scenery, yet with so empsonised an atmosphere as to render its beauties but of transient interest. The district, with its drawbacks, has been so well described by

\* Mr. Stuart states the cost at about 600,000 dollars.

Mrs. Butler that we cannot refrain from quoting a page or two from her clever Journal.



(The Upper Schuylkill Bridge.)

"Here is the end of October, the very mourning time of the year with us, and my room is full of flowers, and the sun is so bright and powerful, that it is impossible to

go out with a shawl, or without a parasol. Went to rehearsal at twelve; at two, came in and habited; and at half-past two, rode out with my father. We took the road to the Schuylkill at once, through Arch-street, which is a fine, broad, long street, running parallel with Chestnut-street. We walked along the road under the intense sunlight that made all things look sleepy around. Turning between some rising banks, through a defile where the road wound up a hill, we caught a glimpse of a white house standing on the sunny slope of a green rise. The undulating grounds around were all bathed in warm light, relieved only by the massy shadows of the thick woods that sheltered them. It was a bit of England.

Some good farming and tidy out-houses and dependencies completed the resemblance, and made me think that this must be the dwelling of some of my own country people. How can they live here? Here, even in the midst of what is fair and peaceful in nature, I think my home would haunt me, and the far-off chiming of the waves against her white shores resound in my ears through the smooth flowing of the Schuylkill.

"The beautiful villas on the banks of the Schuylkill are all either utterly deserted and half ruinous, or let out by the proprietors to tavern-keepers. The reason assigned for this is, that during that season of the year when it would be most desirable to reside there, the fever and ague take possession of the place, and effectually banishes all other occupants. This very extraordinary and capricious malady is as uncertain in its residence, as unwelcome where it does fix its abode. The courses of some of the rivers, and even whole tracts of country away from the vicinity of the water, have been desolated by it: from these it has passed away entirely, and removed itself to other districts, before remarkably healthy. Sometimes it visits particular places at intervals of one or two seasons; sometimes it attaches itself to one side of a river, and leaves the inhabitants of the other in the enjoyment of perfect health; in short, it is quite as unaccountable in its proceedings as a fine lady. Many causes have been assigned as its origin, which, however, have varied in credibility at almost every new appearance of the malady. The enormous quantity of decaying vegetation, with which the autumn woods are strewn, year after year, till it absolutely forms a second soil; the dam lately erected by the water-works, and which, intercepting the tide, causes occasional stagnation; the unwholesome action of water lodging in hollows in the rocks; are all reasons which have been given to me when I have inquired about this terrible nuisance along the banks of the Schuylkill: but there is another, and one

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which appeared so obvious to me that when first I saw it, I felt much inclined to attribute the fever and ague to that, and to that alone. I allude to a foul and stagnant ditch, lying between the tow-path and the grounds of these country-houses, of nearly a mile in length, and of considerable width. When I saw the sun pouring its intense light down into this muddy pool, covered with thick and unwholesome incrustations, I could not help remarking that this alone was quite sufficient to breed a malaria in the whole neighbourhood; and that if the gentlemen proprietors of the lands along this part of the river would drain this very poisonous-looking repository for bull-frogs, their dwellings would, in all probability, be free from fever and ague.

"After pursuing a level, uninteresting road for some time, we turned off to the right, and standing on the brow of a considerable declivity, had a most enchanting glimpse of the Schuylkill and its woody shores. The river makes a bend just above the water-works, and the curving banks scooping themselves, form a lovely, little, sunny bay. It was more like a lake, just here, than a flowing stream. The sky was so blessedly serene, and the air so still, that the pure, deep-looking water appeared to sleep, while the bright hues of the heavens, and the glowing tints of the woody shores, were mirrored with wondrous vividness on its bosom. I never saw such gorgeousness, and withal such perfect harmony of colouring. The golden sky, the mingled green, brown, yellow, crimson, and dark maroon, that clothed the thickets; the masses of grey granite, with the vivid, mossy green that clung round them; the sunny, purple waters; the warm, red colour of the road itself, as it wound down below, with a border of fresh-looking turf on either side of it; the radiant atmosphere of rosy light that hung over all; all combined to present a picture of perfect enchantment. The eye was drunk with beauty.\* How I thought of Mr. —. Indeed a painter would have gone crazy over it; and I, who am not a painter, was half crazy that I was not. Though if I had been, what would it have availed? Such colours are from God's pallet, and mortal hand may no more copy, than it could mingle them. We rode on through scenery of the same description, passing in our way a farm and dairy, where the cattle were standing, not in open, pasture land, but in a corner of forest-ground, all bright with the golden shedding of the trees; it was very picturesque. A little runlet of water, too, that held the middle of a tangled ravine, ran glittering like a golden snake through the underwood, while the stems of the trees, and the light foliage on the edge

of the thick, woody screens were bathed in yellow sunshine. All around was beautiful, and rich, and harmonious to the eye, and should have been so to the spirit."

### The Public Journals.

MEMORABILIA BACCHANALIA.\*—BY NIMROD.

#### Results of Wine-bibbing.

FROM my own personal experience—that is to say, from the experience of the effects of wine on my own body, or "constitution," as it is called—I am at a loss to conjecture whether, had there been no such thing in the world as wine, or any other spirituous liquor, I should have been, physically speaking, better or worse in health than I now am; and for the following reasons.—first, I consider the good and the bad effects of wine to be so nearly equal, that it would be a difficult matter to strike the balance, taking occasional abuses of it into the account; secondly I have not drunk enough wine to feel any impression from that cause—with the exception of the fever I brought upon myself in Ireland, and to which I alluded in my last—beyond the temporary inconvenience arising from an overcharged system, and, consequently, overheated blood, the natural consequences of accidental excess. The tremulous hand or the blotched face was never mine. But perhaps few men, who have had wine to drink—although, perhaps, few may have swallowed more, now and then, at one sitting—have drunk less than I have drunk for the last thirty years of my life, seldom exceeding Sir William Temple's allowance, namely, a fourth glass of our strong wines, when alone by myself, or double that quantity of light Bourdeaux, and nothing else. At the period I am alluding to, finding I was getting foud of wine, I stopped short.

Nevertheless, I can speak from experience of its temporary effects, which I have often felt—and particularly in riding after hounds, have often been reminded of the after-night cup, when its stimulus was flown. Time has been when I could have said in the morning, as I threw my leg over my horse, "*What man dare, I dare;*" but with a two o'clock fox, after too jovial a night, there would arise a something—*circa prœcordia*, as Paley has it—about that hour, which appeared to add a bar in height to every gate or stile that came in my way, and magnified ditches into brooks, and brooks into rivers. I believe this to be a very general case with sportsmen—indeed, I know but two exceptions—particularly after a certain age; and hence is one of the advantages of the noble pastime of fox-hunting. He who wishes to enjoy it to perfection, and which he cannot do unless he rides near to the hounds, must not

\* This beautiful, younger world appears to me to have received the portion of the beloved, younger son—the "coat of many colours."

\* Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.

drink much wine; and it is very well known that the most signal of our sportsmen have been, and now are, very temperate at the table. At the long-established Old Club at Melton Mowbray for example, coffee in the drawing-room is announced in two hours after dinner is concluded, and no man is asked to drink a glass more of wine than he likes to drink. All celebrated *practical* sportsmen, hunters, and shooters, are shy of wine. I never saw Mr. Osbaldiston drunk, nor Sir Bellingham Graham, nor Mr. Musters, in whose house I have sojourned for six successive weeks, in the hunting season, when full to an overflow; and it is well known that Mr. Thomas Aasheton Smith, during his nine years' residence at Quorndon Hall, Leicestershire, hunting his own hounds four or five days in the week, restricted himself generally, at his own table, to one pint of wine. So great, indeed is the value of abstinence considered by people who wish to enjoy hounds in the field, but who are deficient in self-command at other times, that I remember comparing the state of a party, of which I myself made one, in the house of a master of hounds, unfortunately too fond of his wine, and of inducing his friends to drink it also, to that of men in an ague. The intermitting fits were strictly periodical. On the morning the hounds hunted we awoke in perfect health—at all events, at a low bodily temperament: on the morning after, with a burning skin, a quickened pulse, a heated frame, and a parched mouth. But I have been now speaking of twenty years back, and a reform has taken place in my friend.

In the catalogue of personal endowments, perhaps the least enviable one is what is called a "strong head;" in other words, the being able to drink a great deal of wine over night, without suffering from it the next morning. So far, then, as the mere animal body is concerned, such has through life been my case: moreover, I am likewise naturally fond of wine—that is, of the flavour of it, when good. Then from what motive have I abstained from it to excess, even in society generally, since my twenty-third year; when by myself, always; and for nearly two years, totally? Why, from this motive: I looked into books. They told me what pleasure was—at least, they told me what pleasure was *not*, namely, *all the goods of this world, without health to enjoy them!* What says Epicurus? "Pleasure," he tells us, "is the gift of nature, which we cherish because it banishes pain. The one preserves us, the other destroys us." Pleasure, then, is the cause of all—the chief mover of all human actions; and Seneca's comment upon it just suited my book. "All pleasures," says he, "are to be guarded against that are to be followed by repentance at the *Accl.*" Now, had I indulged in wine, I should certainly

have been caught by the *toe*, for I should have had the gout, and long before this been on crutches. But I had other motives for a prudent use of wine,—the first, perhaps, an ignoble one. *It is the abstemious man alone who enjoys wine.* To the drunkard it is as pearls before swine. Now, then, for the nobler one. I thought upon what Gibbon says of wine. He calls it "a salutary, but dangerous liquor;" and I was afraid to trust it too far—

"Yes! in the flowers that wreath the circling bowl,  
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

I should have hated myself had I become a drunkard.

But don't let it be supposed that I, who have so many thousand times enjoyed it, am an enemy to, or afraid of, what is called a "cheerful glass," or that I deny that both the body and mind of man may be more or less benefited by a daily moderate portion of good wine, at any period of life; or that even now and then—as the generality of physicians admit—by a little excess, in devotion to the jolly god, which they affirm gives a fillip to the functions of life, and all the energies of our nature! That wine was intended for our use and enjoyment, and for our benefit as well, I have already satisfactorily shown; but circumstances must be consulted here, as on most other occasions,—for what cured Augustus killed Marcellus. Rigid abstinence, grand preservative as it is supposed to be, will not ensure a security from diseases chiefly attributed to wine. Epicurus lived on bread and water, and yet died of the stone. Two of my most intimate friends were water-drinkers, and yet one became paralytic, and the other dropped dead from apoplexy! A third, finding wine acted as a poison on him, abandoned its use altogether, and has already attained his full age, with entire freedom from disease.

I have now, however, been speaking of persons much my seniors in years; and, therefore, am unable to say how they lived in their youth, although, from their rank and situation in life, I may fairly conclude they never drank spirituous liquors, or "spirits," as they are called for short. But I lived in close intimacy with a celebrated sportsman, within a year of my own age, who, instead of his having dropped into his grave twelve years back, would, I think, have been now alive and well, had he taken daily rather a liberal portion of wine. Needlessly alarmed at its consequences, and partly with a view of keeping down his weight, he abstained from it almost entirely when alone, when he was never well; but when invited to it by society he was quite a new man, as, indeed, he himself admitted.

Some curious speculations have been indulged in as to the various effects of wine on the various constitutions of men. A cele-

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brated Shropshire M.D., whose name it may be unnecessary to mention, it being one which has reflected an honour on Great Britain, as his own practice has reflected honour on himself, is so decided an enemy to wine, or, indeed, to any fermented liquors, that he himself never touches either. But it is his singular estimate of the *probable* effect of wine that chiefly attracts my attention. In his opinion, the issue of parents who *have not* drunk wine themselves would enjoy better health, and attain a greater age, if their beverage was like his own, nothing but simple water or tea; but he thinks that those of parents who *have* drunk wine might drink a small quantity daily with a good effect. With respect to himself, indeed, he admits that he should prefer taking his two or three glasses of good wine after his dinner to a total disuse of it, provided he could dine on vegetables and puddings; but he considers the excitement produced by wine and meat too great for health, and has, therefore, always abstained from the former. This eminent man, it should be observed, has already arrived at an advanced age, with the enjoyment of excellent health; and his argument is strengthened by the fact of his never having been able to take much exercise, from the great weight of his person, and an evident unwieldiness of it to boot. In fact, the doctor is a "bad goer on his pins," as we say in the stable; but he has always been a capital trencher-man: and I have heard it said that he considers excess in eating a trifle to excess in drinking wine.

No man drinks wine merely to allay his *thirst*,—it was designed for a loftier indulgence of nature; and such will it ever be considered, despite all the doctors of these days, and all the philosophers of old ones. As Pitt said of it, "young men *will* have it, and old men *must* have it;" and so it will be till time shall be no more. Nevertheless, like all other good things, there is greater enjoyment of it when taken moderately; and I received an excellent lesson on this head when I was a young man, which I never afterwards lost sight of. I was for many years in the habit of spending several weeks of the hunting season at the house of a certain sporting baronet, who has not drunk wine for the last forty years of his life, and by such means got entirely rid of gout, which threatened to take very strong hold of his constitution. He would smile when he saw me on the evenings of hunting days, when thirst is more or less excited, quaffing large glasses of wine during dinner; and perhaps a large goblet of ale to top up with after my cheese; and then set to work again with the bottle, whilst he was sipping his coffee, which was brought to him immediately as dinner was ended. "You will know better than to do as you are doing

some time hence," he would say. "I scarcely ever know what thirst is; but if I do, it is by drinking a small quantity of liquid very slowly that I most effectually allay it." Don't let it be imagined that my friend said this to save his wine; no man is more liberal of it, or has better. It was said purely out of regard to my pursuits,—in short, it was the advice of an older sportsman to a younger one; and it was very shortly put into practice by the receiver of it.

I am not able to state the largest quantity of wine ever drunk by any one man; but I was informed by the before-mentioned extraordinary character, the Surrey Stag-Hunter, that there is, or was, at an inn in Bishops-gate-street, a portrait of a person who had been in the habit of frequenting the house daily, for a great many years, and was known by the name of the five-bottle man. It was computed that, during the last twenty years, he had drunk, in that house alone, 35,600 bottles, or about fifty-seven pipes of wine, and still lived to the age of ninety-two!!

One great inducement to a daily excess in wine is the late hour of dinner, now so generally adopted in the upper orders of British society, and at *all periods of the year*. In the months of autumn and winter, a late hour is indispensable in the present refined state of society; but during those of summer, in *the country*, it approaches to an act of ingratitude to the Giver of all good things to shut out the light of the sun, as well as the fragrance of the summer's evening air, and to breathe in its stead the impurities arising from lamp-oil or gas. The British aristocracy are, I believe, the only people upon earth that do this generally. At the various noblemen's houses which I visited when on my German tour, a very different system was pursued; and, certainly, a more rational one. There were in them, really, a morning and an evening to each day; and not, as with our fashionables, only a noon and night. In fact, each day appeared to be multiplied into two days. At all events, it was divided into two equal halves; and the evenings, when the weather was fine, were spent in the pleasing and health-giving amusement of riding or driving about the country till the sun had set, when a light supper concluded the scene. Then, please to observe, the wine-drinking was here also divided; thus rendering it less prejudicial, inasmuch as the effect of the first dose would be evaporated before the second, a still lighter one, was added to it.

### New Books.

#### THE SEPARATION.

By Joanna Baillie.

[THE three volumes of tragic dramas, by Miss Baillie, have already excited consider-

able interest in the literary world, which will, doubtless, rise with time to appreciate their noble beauties. They are in the highest vein of poetry; and though works of inferior merit may get the start of them in the march of popularity, when such ephemera shall have had their flight, the dramas before us will be established in public favour. As the writings of a female, they are among the phenomena of literature; and they will add lustre even to the name of Joanna Baillie, "a name," says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, "which commands attention from all true lovers of dramatic poetry."

Much, however, as we are disposed to leave the dramas to their own sterling merits for popularity, we are prone to think that they will be not unaided by the recent representation of one of them—*The Separation*—upon one of our metropolitan stages. Its success there we are not so willing to estimate important in itself; but, it may be the means of leading a certain portion of the reading public to derive from the drama in the closet a satisfaction which they could not enjoy or look for in the theatre, the vast area of which is ill adapted for the perception and appreciation of the nicer beauties of poetry, the higher finished touches, and enchainment mastery of passion. Again, it must be owned that the stage of our time is but ill qualified for the embodiment of tragic poetry; her representatives having too little of the ethereal essence of genius to excite their audiences with the sentiments of the writer. The representation of *The Separation* was not an exception to this state of things; but, the audience, "crowded to the ceiling," to witness a five-act tragedy, was an encouraging tribute to the genius of our highly-gifted poetess which it were unjust to pass by.

The opening of *The Separation* is of thrilling interest. The wife of Count Garcio is residing in an ancient castle, which the Count himself has always avoided with mysterious aversion. The Countess has compulsorily taken up her abode there during the absence of her lord in the wars, in consequence of the destruction of their usual residence in an earthquake. The opening scene of the play shows the castle in confusion, on account of the dying state of Baldwin, the Count's favourite attendant. Every attempt is made to exclude the Countess from the chamber of Baldwin, though her charitable disposition had always led her to perform every kind office in person to the lowest menial. The castle echoes with the shrieks of the dying man, and one or two appalling lines, expressive of his agony are heard before the entrance of the Countess:

• Some assistance in the following brief outline of the *Separation* has been derived from the *Quarterly Review*, last published.

Blood will accuse:—am I not curs'd for this?

I did not murder him.

While she is on the stage, she hears the still more awful, more explicit, sentence:

Ulrico's blood was shed by Garcio's hand,  
Yet I must share the curse!

Ulrico was the only, the beloved brother of the Countess!

Upon the return of Garcio, with a friend, he is surprised at his reception by the Countess, doubtful yet fearful as she is of the guilt of her husband, who becomes jealous of the arrival of a former admirer of the Countess in the neighbourhood. From this we may pass to a fine scene.]

*The Bedchamber of the Countess, who is discovered sitting on a low seat by the side of the bed, with her head and arms thrown upon the bed. She raises her head, and, after a thoughtful pause, starts up eagerly.*

Countess. It cannot be! The roused and angry deep

Lashes its foaming billows o'er the bark  
That bears the accursed freight, till the scared crew  
Into its yawning gulf cast forth the murderer.  
On the embattled field, in armour cased,  
His manly strength to blasted weakness turns.  
Yea, in their peaceful homes, men, as by instinct,  
From the dark rolling of his eye will turn,  
They know not why, so legibly his Nature  
Set on his brow the mark of bloody Cain.  
And shall I think the prosperous Garcio,—he  
Whose countenance allured all eyes, whose smile,  
Whose voice was love, whose frame with strong  
affection

I've seen so dearly moved; who in my arms,  
Who in my heart hath lived!—No! let dark priests,  
From the wild fancies of a dying man,  
Accuse him as they will, I'll not believe it.  
(After another pause.) Would in this better faith  
my mind had strength

To hold itself unshaken! Doubt is misery.  
I'll go to him myself, and tell my wretchedness.  
O! if his kindling eye with generous ire  
Repel the charge—if his blest voice deny it,  
Though one raised from the dead swore to its truth,  
I'll not believe it.

Enter Sophra.

What brings thee here again? Did I not charge thee

To go to bed?

Sophra. And so I did intend.

But in my chamber, half prepared for rest,

Opening the drawer of an ancient cabinet

To lay some baubles by, I found within—

Countess. What hast thou found?

Sophra. Have I not heard you say, that shortly

after

Your marriage with the Count, from your apartment,

A picture of your brother, clad in mail,

A strong resemblance, over which your tears

Had oft been shed, was stolen away?

Countess. Thou hast.

How it was stolen, for value it had none

For any but myself, I often wonder'd.

Thou hast not found it?

Sophra. See! this I have found. (Giving her a picture, which she seizes eagerly.)

Countess. Indeed, indeed it is! (After gazing mournfully on it.)

Retire, I pray thee, nor, till morning break,

Return again, for I must be alone.

(Exit Sophra.)

(After gazing again on the picture)

Alas! that lip, that eye, that arching brow;

That thoughtful look which I have often mark'd,

So like my noble father! (Kissing it.)

This for his dear, dear sake, and this for thine:

Ye sleep! the dust together.—

Alas! how sweetly mantled thus thy cheek  
At sight of those thou lovest!—What things have  
been.

What hours, what years of trouble have gone by,  
Waste thus in happy careless youth thou wert  
Dearest and nearest to my simple heart. (*Kisses it  
again and presses it to her breast, while Garcio,  
who has entered behind by a concealed door at  
the bottom of the stage, comes silently upon her,  
and she utters a scream of surprise*)

Garcio. This is thy rest, then, and the quiet sleep  
That should restore thy health: thou givest those  
hours

To the caressing of a minion's image  
Which to a faithful husband are denied.  
Oh, oh! they but on morning vapour tread,  
Who ground their happiness on woman's faith.  
Some reptile too! (*Stamping on the ground.*) A  
paltry, worthless minion!

Countess. Ha! was it jealousy so much disturb'd  
thee?

If this be so, we shall be happy still.  
The love I bear the dead, dear though it be,  
Surely does thee no wrong.

Garcio. No, artful woman! give it to my hand.  
(*Snatching at the picture.*)  
That is the image of a living gallant.

Countess. O would it were! (*Gives it to him, and  
he, starting as he looks upon it, staggers back  
some paces, till he is arrested by the pillar of  
the bed, against which he leans in a kind of  
stupor, letting the picture fall from his hands.*)

Merciful God! he's guilty!—am I thus?  
Heaven lend me strength! I'll be in doubt no  
longer. (*Running up to him, and clasping her  
hands together.*)

Garcio, a fearful thing is in my mind,  
And curse me not that I have harbour'd it,  
If that it be not so.—The wretched Baldwin,  
Upon his deathbed in his frenzied ravings,  
Accused thee as the murderer of my brother:  
O pardon me that such a monstrous tale  
Had any power to move me!—Look upon me!  
Say that thou didst it not, and I'll believe thee.

(*A pause.*)  
Thou dost not speak. What fearful look is that?  
That blanching cheek! that quivering lip!—O hor-  
rible! (*Catching hold of his clothes.*)  
Open thy lips! relieve me from this misery!  
Say that thou didst not do it. (*He remains silent,  
making a rueful motion of the head.*)

O God! thou didst, thou didst! (*Holds up her  
hands to heaven in despair, and then, recollecting  
from him to a distant part of the chamber,  
stands gazing on him with horror. Garcio,  
after great agitation, begins to approach her  
irresolutely.*)

I've shared thy love, been in thy bosom cherish'd,  
But come not near me! touch me not! the earth  
Yawning beneath my feet will shelter me  
From thine accursed hand.

[Garcio proceeds to describe the motive  
and the execution of his crime:—]

Garcio. Thou know'st too well with what fierce  
pride Ulrico

Refused, on thy behalf, my suit of love;  
Deeming a soldier, though of noble birth,  
Even his own blood, possessing but his arms  
And some slight wreaths of fame, a match unmeet  
For one whom lords of princely territory  
Did strive to gain:—and here, indeed, I own  
He rightly deem'd; my suit was most presumptuous.

Countess. Well, pass this o'er;—I know with too  
much pride

He did oppose thy suit.

Garcio. That night! It was in dreary, dull  
November,

When, at the close of day, with faithful Baldwin,  
I reach'd this castle, with the vain intent  
To make a last attempt to move his pity.  
I made it, and I fail'd. With much contempt

And aggravating passion, he dismiss'd me  
To the dark night.

Countess. You left him then? You left him?

Garcio. O yes! I left him. In my swelling breast  
My proud blood boil'd. Through the wild wood I  
took

My darkling way. A violent storm arose;  
The black dense clouds pour'd down their torrents  
on me;

The roaring winds aloft with the vex'd trees  
Held strong contention, whilst my buffeted breast  
The crashing tangled boughs and torn-up shrubs  
Vainly opposed. Cross lay the wildering paths,  
I miss'd the road; and after many turnings,  
Seeing between the trees a steady light  
As from a window gleam, I hasten'd to it.  
It was a lower window, and within,  
The lighted chamber show'd me but too well  
We had unwittingly a circuit made

Back to the very walls from whence we came.

Countess. Ah, fated, fatal error! most perverse!

Garcio. But, oh! what feelings, think'st thou,  
rose within me?

What thoughts, what urging thoughts, what keen  
suggestions

Crowded upon me like a band of fiends,  
When, on a nearer view, within the chamber,  
Upon an open couch, alone, and sleeping,  
I saw Ulrico?

Countess.— Didst thou slay him sleeping?  
The horrible deed!—Thou couldst not! O thou  
couldst not!

Garcio. Well mayst thou say it! I've become,  
sweet Margaret,

Living, though most unworthy as I was,  
Companion of thy virtues, one whose heart  
Has been to good affections form'd and bent;  
But then it was not so.—My hapless youth  
In bloody, savage, predatory war  
Was rear'd. It was no shock to my rude childhood  
To see whole bands of drunk or sleeping men  
In cold blood butcher'd. Could I tell to thee  
The things that I have seen: things, too, in which  
My young hand took its part; thou wouldst not  
wonder,

That, seeing thus my enemy in my power,  
Love, fortune, honours, all within the purchase  
Of one fell stroke, I raised my arm and gave it.

Countess. Fearful temptation!

[A touching scene follows, in which the  
contending feelings of the Countess—her  
deep attachment yet stern resolves—are  
effectively worked up.

Garcio is subdued by religion, and con-  
sents to separation from the Countess, as a  
penance for his crime: their parting will  
affect the sternest reader:—]

Countess. Alas! thou'rt greatly alter'd:  
So pale thy cheek, thine eyes so quenched and sunk!  
Hath one short night so changed thee?

Garcio. A night spent in the tossings of despair,  
When the fierce turmoil of contending passions  
To deepest self-abasement and contrition  
Subsided;—a night in which I have consented  
To tear my bosom up—to read in twain  
Its dearest, only ties;—ay, such a night  
Works on the mortal frame the scathe of years.

Countess. Alas! thy frame will feel, I fear, too  
soon

The scathe of years. Sorrow and sickness then  
Will bow thee down, while cold unkindly strangers  
Neglect thy couch, nor give thee needful succour.

Garcio. And wherefore grieve for this? So much  
the better:

They least befriended the wretched who retard  
The hour of his release. Why should I live  
If Heaven accept my penitence? Hath earth  
Aught still to raise a wish, or gleam the path  
Of one so darken'd round with misery?

Countess. Nay, say not so: thy child, thy boy, to  
see him



In strength and stature grown,—would not this tempt thee  
To wish some years of life?

*Garcio.* Others shall rear him; others mark his change

From the sweet cherub to the playful boy;  
Shall, with such pity as an orphan claims,  
Share in his harmless sports and catch his love:  
Whilst I, if that I live and am by Heaven  
Permitted, coming as a way-worn stranger,  
At distant intervals, to gaze upon him,  
And strain him to my heart, shall from his eye  
The cold and cheerless stare of wonderment  
Instead of love receive.

*Countess.* O think not so! he shall be taught to love thee

He shall be taught to lip thy name, and raise  
His little hands to heaven for blessings on thee  
As one most dear, though absent.

*Garcio.* I do believe that thou wilt teach him so. I know that in my lonely state of penitence,  
Sever'd from earthly bliss, I to thy mind  
Shall be like one whom death hath purified.  
O that, indeed, or death, or any sufferings  
By earthly frame, or frameless spirit endured,  
Could give me such a nature as again  
Might be with thine united!

*Countess.* And wilt thou then a houseless wanderer be?

Shall I, in warm robe wrapp'd, by winter fire  
List to the pelting blast, and think the while  
Of thy unshelter'd head?—  
Or eat my bread in peace, and think that *Garcio*—  
Reduce me not to such keen misery!

(*Bursting into an agony of tears.*)

*Garcio.* And dost thou still feel so much pity for me?

Retain I yet some portion of thy love?  
O, if I do—I am not yet abandoned  
To utter reprobation. (*Falling at her feet, and embracing her knees.*)

*Margaret!* wife!

May I still call thee by that name so dear?  
*Countess* (*disentangling herself from his hold, and removing to some distance.*)

O leave me, leave me! for Heaven's mercy leave me!  
*Garcio* (*following her, and bending one knee to the ground.*)

*Margaret,* beloved wife! keenly beloved!  
*Countess.* Oh, move me not! forbear, forbear in pity!

Fearful, and horrible, and dear thou art!  
Both heaven and hell are in thee! Leave me then,—  
Leave me to do that which is right and holy.

*Garcio.* Yes, what is right and holy thou shalt do;  
Stain'd as I am with blood—with kindred blood—  
How could I live with thee? O do not think  
I basely seek to move thee from thy purpose,  
O, no! Farewell, most dear and honour'd *Margaret*;  
Yet, ere I go, couldst thou without abhorrence—  
(*Pauses.*)

*Countess.* What wouldst thou, *Garcio*?  
*Garcio.* If but that hand beloved were to my lips  
Once more in parting press'd, methinks I'd go.  
With lighten'd misery. Alas! thou canst not!  
Thou canst not to such guilt—

*Countess.* I can! I will!  
And Heaven in mercy pardon me this sin,  
If sin it be.

The *dénouement* is effective: the "former admirer" of the Countess, indignant at her rejection of him, invests the castle with troops. Among the objects of charity who crowd to the gate of the Countess, is a mysterious hermit, who conceals himself in the castle; and, when the breach is made, and the conquerors are pouring in, breaks forth, and slays their leader, and is himself mor-

tally wounded. He dies at the feet of his wife—*Garcio*, her husband, her deliverer.

These extracts show the dramatic force of the play: it has, too, some sweetly poetical gems, of which we may take cognizance anon.]

### Notes of a Reader.

#### THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

(*From Colton's Travels in Great Britain; a recent American work.*)

At half-past one we entered the carriage, and drove to Hyde Park corner, where all who have the *entrée* are required to go on drawing-room days, in order to diminish the crowd of carriages in St. James's street, as well as to approach the palace by a more select route, passing under the magnificent arch of George the Fourth, and down what is called Constitution Hill, although it might be difficult to perceive that it is really a descent. A splendid carriage came out of Hyde Park, crossed Piccadilly, and passed under the arch immediately before us; and the Duchess of Kent, with two of the royal carriages, attended by an escort of Royal Horse Guards, was immediately behind us. Indeed, the road was lined with a procession of princely equipages. As we approached the palace, the passages were thronged by a dense crowd of spectators, but the ways were kept open by the attendance and activities of the police and the household troops. Even the corridors, after we had entered the palace, were studded all along by respectable persons, who deem it a great privilege to be favoured with a ticket, that shall admit them to these passages, to gaze at the members of the royal family, at the nobility, and others, after they have alighted from their carriages, and are passing up to the state apartments. When driving through the streets, their heads only are to be seen through the windows of their carriages; but when upon their feet, they make a different show, especially the females in the brilliancy of their court-dresses and adornments. Even a momentary aspect of that part of the fleeting pageant, which is to be seen between the outer door and the place where they all vanish from these beholders, is deemed covetable by persons in high condition of life, who, for want of rank can get no nearer. There is a great strife, therefore, even among those who think they are something in the world, to see a duchess, a marchioness, a countess, a viscountess, a lady, or a right honourable miss, get out of her carriage, and flit away from this brief vision into the region where she is to move and to be seen only among her equals, and a certain privileged few. The mass are contented with the external glimpses of a court, or are obliged to be so.

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We left our names at the reporter's table in the Portrait Gallery, according to custom, and arrived in the middle state apartment, or George the Third's room, next to the throne-room, at a quarter before two o'clock. There were not many in by this time.

Soon after we entered the room, the centre folding doors at both ends flew open, and the Duchess of Kent was announced. As by magic a passage was opened through our apartment, and all turned to pay the Duchess respect. She entered, being ushered in by the men in waiting, followed by the ladies attending upon her, but without the princess Victoria. It would have been especially agreeable, if I had seen this young heiress presumptive to the British throne, under such circumstances. The duchess courtesied and bowed with great grace, both to the right and left, as she passed through the opened and smiling ranks. She is a woman of truly royal bearing; her looks are most interesting, even charming; her manners expressing every winning grace. No wonder that she is popular; and if her husband had lived, she would have been the idol-queen of the nation. She glided into the throne-room to join the royal party, to support the queen during the ceremonies, and the doors closed behind her.

The throng in our apartment continued to increase by new arrivals for nearly an hour; and such also I perceived was the fact in the east room, until the latter became absolutely crammed. I hardly need say, that every thing around had now become the most brilliant scene I had ever witnessed—as brilliant indeed, as the great wealth of the English nobility, lavished in the richest profusion on the persons of the fairest of their women, and of their high and honourable men, could make; and this in no wise diminished, but increased, by that borrowed splendour, which the presence of the representatives of the greatest and richest nations of Europe added to the general effect. It was a dazzling pageant. The east contributed its gems; Africa its snow-white, lofty, and nodding plumes; the shops of Europe furnished the wardrobe, and her arts mingled the colours, determined the forms, and fixed the relative position of all the parts of this moving diorama.

The door to the royal presence opened. An instinctive movement seemed to bring all, whose duty it was first to offer their respects to the queen, into their proper places. I cannot speak positively as to the order in every particular; but the foreign ambassadors and ministers seemed to me to take the lead. A plural number of distinguished females, however, threw down their trains, and preceded us; among whom was the Duchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand, and Madame Tricoupi, the lady of the Grecian minister, who was now for the first time presented.

Trains are still in vogue at the English

court, much to the annoyance and vexation of the ladies; or to pass things off in good nature, which cannot be avoided—much to their sport. They have often petitioned her present Majesty to dispense with them; but she is too patriotic. It is a patronage of the manufactories and trades. The money which they cost comes out of the rich, and goes into the hands of those who need it more. The queen, therefore, still insists on the *train*. Not a lady can appear at court without it. For this reason, she ought to be popular among silk mercers and dress-makers.

The king stood where he did at the levee, supported by certain lords in waiting on his right, and his brother Cumberland, and cousin Gloucester on his left, with a nephew, Prince George of Cumberland. The queen stood immediately before the throne, a little to the right, supported by the Duchess of Kent and her attendants on the left, and by her own personal retinue on the right. The king's dress was a scarlet coat and a military uniform; the queen appeared in white satin, with a pearl head-dress.

We at last came in our turn to the queen. She received my name, looking alternately at Mr. Vail and myself, and very graciously asked, "How long I had been in England," expressing a wish "that my visit might be agreeable." She courtesied, and we passed along to give place to others. The queen is very thin in the face—more so than I had imagined. I had seen her twice before in public—once on the day of her coronation. She is not handsome, but her looks are agreeable and interesting.

Having been presented and seen in that apartment which was permitted to a stranger, I returned to the room whence I came, and loitered about till a large part of the course had begun to move off. In the mean time, I witnessed a routine not unlike the doings of the day previous, but as much more brilliant and lively as the presence and manners of ladies might be expected to make it. When all in the apartment to which I was admitted had passed the rounds, and paid their respects to the queen, being assembled again in the same room, the door of the east room was opened, as at the levee, and the ticket-people, or commoners, began to crowd forward in a dense column. Those who have the *entrée* are supposed to be known at court, and require no ticket of admission; whereas those who come the other way are obliged to leave their cards, and appear bearing them in their hand, itself a mark of their inferiority.

After being at the drawing-room nearly two hours, the scene began to be irksome, and I was glad to meet with Mr. Vail again, and to find him ready to retire. As we passed through the Portrait Gallery, and down the stairs, the passages were all

thronged, and well nigh choked, if such light things could make an obstacle, as the sylph-like forms and brilliant displays of the women, waiting for their carriages, smiling at the scene which themselves created, and making a vast deal of pleasantry and ridicule of the trains, which the queen obliged them to carry, and which so much incommoded their exit. We waited long and patiently in company with some of the most distinguished personages, male and female, not only of England, but of Europe, before the turn came for the carriage of "the American minister;" when, at last, we were whirled away, through a dense and gaping crowd, in the passage kept open by the troops and police, into St. James's street, itself full of equipages waiting to take up their burdens, or, like ourselves, returning to more quiet abodes.

### The Gatherer.

#### Portrait of Napoleon. — (To the Editor.)

—Your Correspondent, A. C. R., (at page 143,) is informed that there is such a relic in the British Museum. The late Hon. Mrs. Damer, in 1828, bequeathed to the Museum "a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and ornamented with a miniature portrait of the Emperor Napoleon;" and this is the more valuable as it was given to the lady by Napoleon himself. This bequest was made on condition that the miniature should never be copied; but nothing is said in the will prohibiting its exhibition. Why then should it be buried among the unexplored and almost inaccessible treasures of the coin and medal room?—See the *Evidence on B. M.*, 1835, p. 361, and the Will, of which I have an extract.) R. S.

I once heard Horne Tooke relate the following anecdote illustrative of the personal appearance of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, who was the most celebrated lawyer of his day. When it was the custom for barristers to leave chambers early, and to finish their evenings at the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the inns of court, Lord Thurlow on some occasion wanted to see Dunning privately. He went to the coffee-house frequented by him, and asked a waiter if Mr. Dunning was there. The waiter, who was new in his place, said he did not know him.—"Not know him!" exclaimed Thurlow with his usual oaths; "go into the room up stairs, and if you see any gentleman like the knave of clubs, tell him he is particularly wanted."—The waiter went up, and forthwith re-appeared followed by Dunning.—*The Original, by the late T. Walker, Esq.*

At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings, a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to

town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to insure mutual protection, it set off; and so on till all had passed. George the Fourth, and the late Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach, and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common, now both inclosed, after sunset, was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages. There is a house still standing, I believe on Finchley, which in those days was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily these things are now matters of history.—*Ibid.*

#### The Rhingau Song.

With vine-leaves crown the jovial cup.

For, search all Europe round,

Yon'll say, as please'd you drink it up.

Such wine was never found.

Such wine, &c.

Our Father-land this vine supplies,

What soil can e'er produce,

But this though warm'd with genial skies,

Such mild, such generous juice.

Such mild, &c.

Then shall the Rhine our smiles receive,

For on its banks alone,

Can e'er be found a wine to give

The soul its proper tone.

The soul, &c.

Come put the jovial cup around,

Our joys it will enhance,

If any one is morbid found,

One sip shall make him dance.

One sip, &c.

—Every child in the Rhingau knows this song by heart.

*The Thames Tunnel.*—The works have been again resumed, and the old shield replaced by a new one consisting of 5,000 pieces, and weighing 150 tons.—In 1834, there visited the Tunnel 21,000 persons; but last year, it was inspected by between 27,000 and 28,000 persons, the receipts for the same being 1,487l. 6s. 8d.

*St. Thomas's Hospital.*—Part of a new hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, adjoining the present one, which is situated at the corner of Duke Street, Borough, and Wellington Street, London Bridge, is now being completed.—*Architectural Magazine.*

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Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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